Tutt's Pills

Cure All

Liver Ills.

Save Your Money.

One box of Tutt's Pills will paye many dollars in doctors' bill,

They will surely cure all diseases

## DOCTOR'S **PRISONERS**

How Two of Them Were Held in Confinement.

OLD LETTER FROM CAMP

Recollections of Arduous Services-In cidents and Reminiscence-Songs and Poems-Personal In-

cidents.

Sir,-Powhatan Bouldin, my brother, re

Sir.—Powhatan Bouldin, my brother, re-cently in looking over some old letters, came across the following letter: The Doctor Rucker referred to was re-tained by us and was imprisoned the greater part of the time at Pittsylvania Courthouse, Va. When the Yankee au-thorities learned this they retaliated by holding Dr. James C. Green, late of Dan-sith when a wayson in the Confed-

thorities learned this they retaliated by holding Dr. James C. Green, late of Danville, Va., then a surgeon in the Confederate army. Dr. Green was kept in solitary continuent by the Yankees for a year-until Dr. Rucker made his escape and got back to the Federal lines. Then he was allowed to come home.

How Rucker made his escape has never been told as far as I know. By some means he got out or was let out by an outsider, for the fall was not broken. He went near Lynchburg and Covington when he got out of prison, on his way to West Virginia. Great influences were enlisted to have Dr. Green released, but to no effect. We contended that Rucker could be held under the rules of war, because he was charged with piloting the enemy in his own country and burning Cow-Pasture River bridge; and because he was under indictments by the grand jury at Covington for killing a man; but Dr. Green, who was a regular surgeon, let a charge of the wounded and held under no charge, could not be held. It was no avail, though, and the escape of Bleeder was a happy solution of the life of any attentions.

where Dr. Grenn was so much add and beloved, know that he thus
fered in solltary confinement, while
lying a cause so just and dear to us all.
Very truly yours,
E. E. BOULDIN.
ormerly Captain Company B, 14th Virla Cav., C. S. A. Danville, Va., April
003.

CAPT. P. Z. BOULDIN'S LETTER.

CAPT. P. Z. BOULDIN'S LETTER.

Camp Near Union, July 39, '62.

Dear Brother, —I have just returned from a six days' scout, on which we had the hardest time I have seen since I joined the army. We left camp on Wednesday, the 23rd, and after traveling all that day, about thrity miles, camped for the night at the foot of Little Sewel mountains, ten miles to the right of Meadow Bluff, where the enemy is now encamped. After resting on the ground with nothing but our overconts we started the next morning by day-light on what is called kie Wilderness Road, which finance Meadow Bluff and leads on to Charleston, Ka. The next night we camped ten miles from Nicholas county, after the hardest day's journey I ever made. While there we ascerialned that the hardest day's journey I even. While there we ascertained that made. While there we ascertained that there were two companies of Yankees around with Enfield rifles with sword bayonets. Having ascertained the exect locality of the forces and pickets we determined to storm the town the next morning about daylight. So, after sleeping a few hours, we arose and started on. All were anxious to get to the place and make the attack, and they all seemed determined to do or die.

Having gotten in a quarter of a mile

ed determined to do or die.

Having gotten in a quarter of a mile of the pickets we halted, when the plans were all made known and a particular part assigned to each company. As we entered the village, on either side was a guard-house which was tilled with sentinels. As our company was the best armed, the major thought it best to give this to us. Having completed all the argangements and seeing that day was just breaking we moved slowly along until

### **Brights' Disease** Diabetes,

Bloating, Gravel, Dull Back Ache, Kidney Diseases, Urinary Affections cured by taking Stuart's Gin and Buchu. The worst forms of Kidney and Biadder Trouble, after every intelligent remedy has falled, are always curable by taking stuart's Gin and Buchu. It is a bland, delightfully pleasant tasting medicine, that acts directing on the kidneys and bladder, quickly draining out every impurity, healing and strengthening the kidneys, giving them life and vigor. Stuart's Gin and Buchu invarially cures Bright's Disease and Diabetes even when the patient had given up hope, or where they had been tapped to drain off the accumulated waters.

given up hope, or where they had been tapped to drain of the accumulated waters.

DISEASED KIDNEY SYMPTOMS, Agonizing pains in the back, swollen legs or abdomen, dischirges from the urethraneuralisin of difficulty in passing water, also a forgotomen, dischirges of the bladder, burning sensation or difficulty in passing water, also a frequent desire or even involuntary dischirge of the urine, catarrh of the bladder, stone in the bladder, disagreeable oder of the urine, scanty and high-colored; rheumatism, with aches and pains in bones and black. Beath may frequently follow there symptoms.

For any of these symptoms asked Stuart's Gin and Buchu, and your will be restored to health, and your time in the Richmond paper:

KILLED ON THE FIELD, Lieutenant John B. Holloway, Privates Gin and Buchu aware the casualties of the company at Gettysburg as published, at the time in the Richmond paper:

KILLED ON THE FIELD, Lieutenant John B. Holloway, Privates Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Braswell, Robert M. Graswell, Rober

the picket hollowed halt. We paid no attention to his warning, but moved steadily along, when he fired at the entire column, but, as fortune would have it, no one was struck. The busle was then sounded for the charged a quarter of a mile. The earth trembled under us, and it seemed as if a thousand horses were running at top speed. Having a very long line our column reached some distance. As soon as our company reached the house we had to storm I made the men dismount, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. Part of our company storned one house and part another. In a moment we commenced rolling out the prisoners. Some would not come out of their houses until we set the houses on fire. As most of the Yankees were in this end of town, our company took more prisoners than all the other three warst inception. We of the Yankees were in this end of town, our company took more prisoners than all the other three parts together. We took thirty-five or forty. One or two Yankees were killed by our company, and one or two wounded. The number of killed, wounded and taken prisoners in all was eighty. We brought sixty-five to camp. Among the prisoners were a lieutenant-colonel capitaln and three lieutenants. But above all we took the famous Dr. Rucker, who led the Yankees into Alleghany county and burnt the Central Railroad bridge. General Loving says if we had not have captured another man the capture of this one man was ample compensation for all of our trouble.

was ample to compensation for all of our prisoners safe to the rear we proceeded to destroy such government stores as were there. We burnt up, I suppose, at least \$20,000 worth of all sorts of stores. We burnt up large quantities of coffee, ammunition, arms and clothing. Some of the boys get quite a quantity of attrionery out of the Commissary Department as well as many other things. We captured thirty head of horses and mules, besides bringing back with us a hundred Emfield riftes.

Enfield rifles.

I can with truth and candor say that the conduct of all four companies—the Rockbridge, Charlotte, Churchville and Valley—was splendid, and I feel particularly gratified at our own company. I never saw men more determined in my life, and not one showed any disposition to back out. With twenty-seven men, I took over thirty-five prisoners and guns. Major Balley, who commanded the expetook over thirty-five prisoners and guns.
Major Balley, who commanded the expedition, complimented us particularly.
Many of the boys were shot at, but not one was struck. We went sixty miles in rear of the enemy's camp and through an enemy's country all the way. We suffered a great deal from fatigue and burgers but were amply repuid. This hunger, but were amply repaid. This squadron and our company have raised their names five hundred times higher, and everybody is praising us for our daring and most successful scout. Is it not remarkable that not one of our command was hurt and not one taken prisoner? The Yankee colonel whom we took prisoner says that it was the most daring thing which has been done during the war. And I must not neglect to add that all humanity which could be used both in the capture and after they were taken was used towards the prisoners.

The most of the Yankees were from Ohlo, and were fighting material. If there ever was a set of men taken by surprise, they were, for many of them were dwaged out of their beds. General Loving was delighted, and says he were amply repaid.

were dwagged out of their beds. General Leving was delighted, and says he knew that this was a good company. Had Ashby done what we did it would be all over the Confederate States in a day or so. I feel proud that the Charlotte Cavalry was one of the four companies that composed this gallant band. We had not more than 175 men, officers and all. I am in hopes soon to recruit this company to its full number. You must do something for it towards recruiting it.

Yours &c., P. Z. BOULDIN.

olina,

(From the Lexington, Va., Gazette.)

Dear Editors: As kindly requested by you, I have with pleasure prepared the following article for publication in your excellent paper: In my estimation, one of the greatest

honors ever conferred upon me, in a civio or military sense, was a captain's commission from the Confederate Government, which put me in command of Company "F" of the 28th Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers; and then, the privilege of leading those gallant men into battle on the gory field in front of Gettysburg and its gun-crowned "Cemetery Hill"—July 1, 1893.

The company went into action with eighty-three muskets and three commissioned officers—the captain and two lieutenants—making in all ninety-one men. It was, indeed, a fateful field to company "F," for, in the engagement that followed, every officer and every man of the rank and file were either killed or wounded. Thirty-one—more than a third—were killed and died from wounds received. There were in the company three sets of twins, of whom five were killed and mortally wounded. There were killed and mortally wounded. There were also in the company sixteen men of the same family connection by the name of Coffey.

There can be no doubt as to the credibility of the above statement, for soon after the battle, while in a hospital in Richmond, Va., I sent to one of the city papers—the Enquirer or Examiner—a list of the company's casualties, giving not only the names of the killed and wounded, but the nature of the wounds received by each. This report, very providentially, I pasted, during the war, in the back of my sister's album, where it was safely preserved.

The orderly sergeant, J. T. C. Hood, who is still living, years ago, March, '55 and January, '86, corroborated the facts and figures, as given by me, from memory and by documents in his possession. To this may be added the sworn statement of Mr. James D. Moore, cashier of the First National Bank, Gastenia, N. C., It was published in the "Post" of Raleigh, N. C., February 11, 1990. And to make the claim more than doubly surgand cortain. Colonel William H. S. Burgwyn, president of the Weldon National Bank, verified the whole matter by a thorough examination of the company's muster and pay rolls, which

George Morgan, Joseph Seizer, W. R. Seizer, Hosea Stallings, William Underdown. WOUNDED.

Captain R. M. Tuttle, badly, right legit Lieutenant C. M. Sudderth, badly, right legit Lieutenant C. M. Sudderth, badly, thigh and foot; Sergeant J. T. C. Hood, badly, thigh and foot; Sergeant S. P. Philyaw, badly, thigh; Corporal A. H. Courtney, leg broken, amputated; F. P. Badger, badly, foot; Jos. Balrwin, bedly, thigh; Zero Beach, badly, hip; W. W. Bean, badly, foot; Jos. Balrwin, bedly, thigh; Zero Beach, badly, hip; W. W. Bean, badly, foot; W. W. Bradford, silghtly, arm; Nathan Bradshaw, slightly, knee; R. W. Braswell, slightly, breast; John Bowman, badly, thigh; Redmond Church, badly, foot; J. C. Clark, badly, arm; William Clark, badly, foot, leg and shoulder; A. J. Coffey, finger shot off; H. C. Courtney, badly, thigh; J. P. Coffey, by bursting shell; S. W. Crisp, badly, thigh; H. C. Crump, slightly, arm; Nathaniel Cubreath, badly, side; Thomas Curtis, arm amputated; J. M. Holloway, badly, breast; Paul Howell, badly, thigh; Ambross Hudson, by bursting shell; A. M. Hudepeth, badly, face; G. W. Hudspeth, badly, leg; W. W. Kerby, slightly, shoulder; John Kincaid, badly, shoulder; Philip Largent, badly thigh; Eikanah Mathis, slightly, arm; James D. Moore, badly, thigh; Noah Page, badly, thigh; Wm. R. Rich, slightly, head; T. W. Setser, badly, thigh; William Stallings, leg broken; John M. Sudderth, badly, thigh; Benjamin Taylor, slightly, head; T. W. Setser, badly, thigh; J. C. Thompson, badly, shoulder; W. R. Rich, slightly, head; T. F. Sudderth, badly, thigh; Joseph Winkler, badly, beck; Pinkey Powell, slightly, high; J. W. Underdown, badly, thigh; Joseph Winkler, badly, beck; Irael Zimmerman, badly, leg. RECAPITULATION.

Killed 10 Mortally wounded 12 Wounded, but recovered 00

Again and afterward, at the battle of Bristow Station." the company went into the engagement with 34 men and officers, of whom, in a few brief momenta, thirty-two were killed and wounded. Six or seven were left dead on that scene of carnage.

thirty-two were killed and wounded. Six or seven were left dead on that scene of carnage.

Moreover, the company had some romance connected with it. In 1862 a young woman in man's attire, joined its ranks, received the bounty of \$50, donned the gray uniform, buckled on the regulation accourtements, and, with gun in hand, drilled and did the duties of a veteran soldier for some time. Finally she made herself known to the great amusement of the whole army. Then, after having returned the bounty money and replaced the suit of Dixle gray with a woman's gown, she went back in happy mood and an enlarged acquaintance, to her mountain home under the grant "Grandfather."

The first colonel of the 26th Regiment was the late and lamented Senator Zeb B. Vance, from Buncombe county, N. C., and a graduate of the V. M. I., was killed while in command of the Regiment at Gettysburg was the Hon. James J. Pettigrew, who surrendered his noble life for the Suny South at Falling Waters on the retreat. His birthplace, I believe, was Tyrrell county, N. C.

I make the brief statements above, because justly merited by the company, and at this time, because of recent 164.

onuse justly merited by the company, and at this time, because of recent ref-erences of the press to its casualties at

creives of the press to its casualties at Gettysburg.
They were, indeed, a splendid band of chivalrous men, and with great powers of endurance. They were born and reared, for the most part, in Caldwell county, N. C., and right under the Hue Ridge and Grandfather mountains. Multiplied honors would I bestow upon the many of them who sleep and upon the romnant of them among the living.
On the first page of "Leopard Spots," Mr. Dixon, the author, refers to this Company as from Campbell, instead of Caldwell county, N. C.
R. M. TUTTLE,
Captain Co. "F," 23th Reg't, N. C. Troops.

IN MEMORIAM.

One Who Bravely Fell on Roanoke Island 1862.

and 1862.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)

Tread softly! for in yonder darkened room, a hero lies pale and mutilated! A cruel foe has sped the fatal shaft; and Death has marked him for a victim.

A few fond friends are there—aye! bitter tears course down their manly cheeks, as they gaze upon their Chief.

The soldier sighs; his glassy eye is turned—he feebly mutters.—Perhaps the thrice blessed name of mother parts his bloodless lips. Or it may be he dreams of his sire—, his chieftain father in this, the trying hour!

A friend steps lightly to his side to catch the last faint whisper. But a ruthless hand is waved, a voice in sullen murmur growls: "I yet will torture 'the he die!" The captive knight falls back; but with visage dark, wild yet sad.

With mertial air and brow seene, the

back; but with visage dark, wild yet sad.

With martial air and brow serene, the captor approaches his victim, stands at the rustic couch, to gaze upon his victim. There he lies, almost lifeless. But, he hears his country's canse impeached! The sacriligious wish: "I hope we may yet be reunited! The crimson current leaps again into the dying soldier's veins. His blue eyes blaze with Bouthern pride. His bosom heaves with all his wonted patriotism, as he starts from his couch and cries; "Never! Never! Never! Never!"

Oh! Southern men arise, arise!
Cruel bands still sever, again,
Let those clarion notes be heard
Let them ring out—clearly now—
"Never! Never! Nev-v-s-r!"

—A Rebel and A Refuge.
Virginia on the James, 1882.

Mr. Editor:—The Confederate Hazaar carries me back into the past. However, I am not a worker now, personally or pecuniarily; only an interested wayfarer, I found this little "scrap" where it had been buried forty-one years, 'mid-well, a debris, like its owner; crippled, on a "sear and yellow leaf." Should you deem it worthy a modest corner in The Times-Dispatch, publish it. I am quite too old to be hurt at its rejection.

Yours kindly,

MRS. R. J. KINNIER.

Richmond, Va., April 24th.

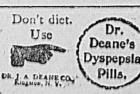
Richmond, Va., April 24th.

Two Confederate Poems. Washington, D. C., May 10, 1908. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In "The Confederate" of April 25,

It may be a little thing, and its cost small, but it will

PAY YOU to go several blocks out of your way to buy Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pilis at our stora, WHAT FOR?

Soor stometh loss of appatits, flatulence, coated tongue, offensive breath, jaundice, pai-pitating heart, sick headachs. White wrapper if constipated. Tellow if ,, bweels are regular, Trice 20 cents.





lately held in Richmond, appeared two poems from my pen, entitled, respectively, 'Miss Winnie Davis" "The Chains that Davis Wore." As a result of lack of care in making copier for the printer, the verses were mutiliated almost beyond recognition by the author of their being. I ask, therefore, in justice to myself, that you will give space in The Times-Dispatch to a correct version of the poems of which I speak. The lines to Miss Davis appeared some sion of the first visit of that young lady to Richmond, her native city, after she had reached the estate of womanhood. Very truly yours, HOWARD MORTON.

The Chains That Davis Wore. Before a jury of his peers he stands— Our chief in peace and war— A jury of the noble of all lands, At History's judgment-bar.

death,
Her legions on he led—
How rang his voice, like silver bugle's
breath,

Where freeman fought and bled.

To crown his noble life.

Erect and proud, before mankind he stands, As towered the Kingly Saul, With pure and dauntless soul, while from his hands The chains of iron fall.

And as they fail, as if with light afiame, The glowing links behold! For lo! the magic alchemy of Fame Transmits them into gold!

Miss Winnie Davis.

ern hearts adored,
Thine eyes, as sapphires bright and
clear, first kissed the light of day
Within our royal city's walls, begirt by
fire and sword;
Around which stood, in shattered ranks,
the baffled foe at bay.

ing battle-ory,
The shout of charging squadrons and
the din of war's alarms,
As up from trembling earth arose aloft
to echoing sky
The thunders of the mighty strife, as of
a world in arms!

The blessings of her happy reign, she scatters near and far.

The echoes of the boom of guns, the thrilling bugle call.
Have died away forevermore from valley and from hill;
Upon the sunny air to-day no jarring discords fall.
But harmonies exultant rise from factory, lom and mill.

And softly blend, as forth they float in music grand and sweet.
With voices of the fireside bright, and husy street and mart,
Thy gracious presence in our midst, with joy and pride to greet.
And bld thee welcome, madden fair, to every home and heart!

Maryland Confederate Monument.

That the hero in falling is caught up to the sky. They are here for a purpose, these fig-

ures of brass;
They shall utter their tale as the centuries pass,
While time on its wings bears off the vile mass
Of the evils that sting and the woes that harass.

To the man, to the woman whose heart bled long ago the youth in its bit-ter-felt wee; And each line of his form as it sinks neath a blow Is instinct with the will to serve duty

To each boy, to each maiden he whispers his word
Of the stout hearts that marched with
their banner unfuried,
Doing glorious deeds that once rarig
through the world,
As they welcomed grim death when his
red dart was huried.

Deane's Dyspepsia Dyspepsia Dr. J. A DEANECO.

The pure, beautiful soul that its touch fand cannot mari to do the far to mari the ages that come, seel her pour look goes afar.

To the heaven above, where life's real treasures are.

Dr. J. A. DEANECO.

To the heaven above, where life's real treasures are.

Dr. J. A. DEANECO.

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Dr. J. A. DEANECO.

To the heaven above, where life's real treasures are.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* UERIES ANSWER S

Virginia's Nicknames.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir\_is there any nick-namer by which the Virginians are known, as the North Carolina people are, "Tar-heels?" A SUBSCRIBER. Yes; they are derisively or facetiously

Copyright. Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Bir.—A and B are two publishers. A burs a new story from its author and prints it in book form. B gets a copy and would like to publish it in his newspaper. Can he do so without getting A's consent? No; he cannot. A READER.

Laurel Reformatory.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you please tell me which is
the right name, the House of Correction
or the Reformatory?—the house that they
take unruly boys to. There is a boy
here, whose parents cannot do a thing
with and they want to sent him there if
you will let me know the address.

10. P.
Address Supt. of the Reformatory, Lau-

rel, Va., if the boy is white. If he is colored address the Supt. of the Reformatory at Hanover Courthouse.

To Polish a Ladie.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Will you kindly inform me how to remove varnish from a solid oak table and restore the table to the original oak polish. I live in the country and have not access to a repairer of furniture.

"A. W."

"A. W."
We would suggest that you clean the
table with soap and water and rub it dry;
then rub it well with any good furniture
polish, which must also be all rubbed
dry. If you can't get the furniture polish,
use lineed oil and turpentine—half and

The Subjunctive.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir.—Please advise me through the "Query and Answer Column" which is the correct sentence: "I wish Socrates was here" or "I wish Socrates were here?" Kindly give me the rule for the correct sentence.

"I wish Socrates were here" is correct, because the sentence contains a wish that implies non-fullfilment—it is beyond the pale of realization. Such wishes, like the unreal condition, require the subjunctive. (See Adams Sherman Hill's Eeginnings of Rhetoric and Composition, Page 180.)

Grammar and Geography.

Grammar and Geography.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer the following in your next Sunday's Times-Dispatch:

1. What is the highest mountain in North America and what is its helight? Some geographies give Mount Logan; some Mount St. Elias and some Mount Orlizaba.

2. Parso the word "horse" in the following sentence: "Of all the animals I admire the horse most." Our teacher says horse in that sentence is a proper noun. Is it?

CONSTANT READER.

CONSTANT READER. I. Mount McKinley, in Southern Alas-ka, is the highest known mountain in North America, being 20,464 feet high. 2. "Horse" in the sentence is a com-mon noun used in a generic sense.

Parson Gray and Widow Green.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Can any of your readers give the origin of the legend or the name of the author who aimed to commemorate the incidents in the Callandon Canada Cana of the top of the who almed to commemorate the interpolar in the following verses that were published in an old almanac fifty or sixty years ago?

1 "The sun is set, dear Parson Gray, And clouds are in the West; Come, draw your rein and get yo

down,
And tarry here to rest" "I thank you much," the parson said,
"To-night I cannot stay;
Some other time I'll glady call,
And spend with you a day." The parson then rode away into the

gathering gloom of a dark night, on his way to visit the Widow Green, with an angry cloud rising and muttering in the West.

And long and lonely was the road, The wind was high and keen; But waiting him, with her sweet smile Was the buxom Widow Green.

10. Oh, Widow Green, oh, Widow Green,

### Bright's Disease

#### Is Positively Curable.

Interview with the pioneer manufacturer, N. W. Spaulding, president of the Spaulding Saw Company, San Francisco. Q .- We are told a member of your family was

cured of a case that the doctors pronounced Bright's Discase, although it is believed to be

dourable?

A.—That is correct.

Q.—Don't you think the facts ought to be heard.

A.—Yes. If it will help anyone else you may say that a cure was effected.

Q.—You say physicians and diagnosed the case as Bright's Blesase?

A.—Several had. They told us the condition was critical, when my brother, who had been helped by the Fuiton Compound, told us of it, and I spait for it.

Q.—Was it long hefere a change was noted; T.—Ju a few weeks the improvement was listed. The sleep was better, and there was a smodular return to health although it was a year before we considered the cure full and permanent.

year before we considered the oure ruit manent.

C.—Roow of may other cases?

A.—Numbers of them, I'm sure Jiteld scores shout ji.

C.—Were there may fullures?

A.—I knew of mone where it was taken in senson,

C.—Can you recall any individual cures?

A.—Severs. I told an English negative manent in the provider of the companion of the companion

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but if per cont. are positively recevering under the Fullon Campounds. [Common torms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short repistance.] Price, \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Bright's Bright'

OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO.

For, but for you, old Parson Gray Had stopped with Deacen Brown

13. But seen the winds 6oth stronger The clouds begin to spread, And now at last 'tis black as pitch, With no star over head.

if. What is that horrid holse above, So like a human grean, That makes the parson shudder so, And startles, too, the roan?

10. 'Tis but the rubbing of two trees, That close together grow,
Whose guarled and knotled limbs

collide . Whene'er the winds do blow. 17. "A dreadful night," the parson said, "The darkness is profound, I almost wish that I had staid With brother Deacon Brown.

20. Old Parson Gray had gone that way Full often when 'twas light, But never had it seemed so long As in that darksome night.

1. But as all things must have an end. Bo must the parson's ride;
And now at length there is the church
And its white tombs beside.

22. And yonder on that neighboring hill And yonder on the And the Widow Green doth live,
And in her window burns a lamp,
That precious light doth give.

"Oh, happy man," he joyous cries, And rubs his hands in glee, "The Widow Green is sitting up, And burns that lamp for me. "And I will tell her ere I sleep

How she to me is dear; I wonder now what alls the horse, That he is stopping here."

26. The horse had thought the falling rein,
Did tell his master's will,
So he had trotted up to church,
And there was standing still.

27. And now that he has come to church; He's too polite a brute, Until the benediction's said To move a single foot

23. The parson whips, the parson clucks, But whips and clucks in vain; And then to make the matter worse, It now begins to rain. 20. A happy thought the parson struck. That almost made him smile;
"Til fool," said he, "this stubbor;
brute,

"I'll hitch him to this swinging limb, As I on Bundays do. And straightway into church I'll go, And sing a hymn or two.

"And then when I come out again,

And make him move with guile

And so, I'll ride him on my way, As briskly as before."

62. The church it is a pleasant place, Upon a sunny day, With all the people seated 'round, In silks and satins gay, 33. But in the night, without a light,

And all the benches bare

If Parson Gray had had his way
He'd rather not be there. H. But through the door he felt his wa And up the plipit stair,
He cleared his throat, and then
struck up
A lively Christian gir.

E. He scarce had sung a single line, In loud and happy tone. When from above there came a voice Accordant with his own.

86. He quickly paused, his heart bear loud, His soul was full of dread; He did not like to sing his hymn, With spirits from the dead.

87. When he was still, all else was still, No mouse or cricket stirred; And he had just begun to think "Twas not a voice he heard.

88. Just then there came a lightning fash, The first one of the night; And for a second filled the church With brilliant blexing light.

89. In that brief flash the parson saw

Perched on a girder high
A human figure clothed in white,
And with one glaring eye.

40, And there he sat, as one transfixed.

He sat with horror dumb:
And when the lightning flashed again.
The thing had nearer come.

41. Each moment now, on him he knew
That eye was looking down,
And from his very sould he wished
He'h stayed with Deacon Brown. 42. And then there came a double flash—
The thing with noiseless tread,
Had come, and on a girder stood,
Just o'er the parson's head.

43. The parson starts, and makes a apring,
And with two clears the door;
And now there is a bonny race—
The parson just before.

it. They follow straight the streak of And go it like a streak;
The parson finds his less are strong,
Just as his heart is weak.

 He drope his hat, but does not stop, Nor yet dares look behind.
 Hocause he hears the dreadful thing Fellowing like the wind. 46. Now speeding on, they reach the

what can the parson do? He neither looks for bridge or pole-The nearest way is through!

 And through his foll pursuer comes, With splutter and with splash;
 And up the bill all dripping wet,
 They both together dash. 42. And when they reach the widow's

They neither kneck ner ring, But with a crash they tumble in-The parson and the thing,

40, Out rushed the sharming Widow Green—
She had not gone to bed—
Around her drawn has snowy gown,
Her night cap on her head,

of the stomach, liver or bowels, No Reckless Assertion. For sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and billousness, a million people endorse TUTT'S LIVER PILLS.

She dodged behind the door.

51. "Oh, Parson Gray," she feebly cried, "You take my life with fright! How comes it you are breaking in With craxy Butsy White?"

E2. "With Beisy Whitel With Beisy Whitel Then what a fool I've been!" And there she stands, a sorry wretch, With a calm complacent grin.

53. Quoth Betsy White (her one eye winks,
And merry shines her face),
"I had not thought so fat a man.
Could run so good a race."

54. The parson replied in angry tones, "You evil thing perverse!" Eut his manner showed how giad he That it was nothing worse.

55. The widow quickly decked herself, In colors bright and gay; Buch as she knew would please the

Of jolly Parson Gray. 56. And then she made a bowl of punch. Of whiskey good and old; The person sometimes took a drop, To keep away the cold.

57. He sipped his punch, he dried his clothes,
He told his woerd tale;
And soon he was himself again
Though still a fraction pale.

58. And then he told another tale, The widow looking down, And they were glad he did not stay With friendly Deacon Brown. . Old Parson Gray was short and stout.

His face was cherry red, His little eyes with fat stood out, And hairless was his head.

The unquestioned superiority of electric ars over the old horse cars is an indication as to whether auto-trucks will or horses in the streets of Chicago. It looks now as if they would. The Mer-chant's Auto-Transfer Company, with main office at 133 La Salle street, has just seen organized for the purpose of handling freight for merchants and shippers drays. The company is capitalized at \$1,000,000 and its board of directors comprises Josiah L. Cratty, C. L. Lundquist, M. L. Williams, Parker H. Sercombe, J. M. Taft, C. J. Harth and C. R. Hackley, The company is about to purchase 100 five to ten ton auto-drays, each with a daily carrying capacity equal to from three to six heavy teams, and it has closed deals with prominent firms to han-die their freight with the horseless ve-hicles, which promise to relieve the con-gestion in the streets and at the freight hicles, which promise to relieve the congestion in the streets and at the freight terminals. An auto-truck covers thirty to fifty miles a day against twelve miles covered by a horse team. Its expense is 50 to 75 cents per day—much below the cost of a pair of horses—while it can be worked twenty-two hours out of twentyq-four, as against the ten hours' work of horses. The item of stabling is also much less, while its cleanliness in the streets would greatly minimize the cost of street cleaning, and largely conduce to the better health of the city. The space covered by horse teams is praotically cut in two, and this saving is of the greatest value at freight terminals, where horse teams often bloock the movement of goods so effectually that the loss through delayed deliveries is very large. The fact that Image can be handled by auto-drays for about one-third the cost of horse vehicles promises to insure handsome returns to those interested in the enterprise.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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50. Oh, she was fair, as she stood there,
Her hare foet on the floor;
But when sine saw tiwas Parsen Gray,



UNPARALLELED LOSS. Company "F," Twenty-Sixth North Car-

no my estimation, one or the greatest honors ever conferred upon me, in a civic or military sense, was a captain's commission from the Confederate Gov-

One Can Carries

P. S. You will confer an additional faovr by publishing the poems not later than Tuesday or Wednesday of this week Should you have occasion to communi cate with me, direct to General Delivery, city post-office here.

And freedom tells how, facing shame and

And victory, emerging from the gloom.

And darkness of the strife,
Beside him walts with wreath of laural-

HOWARD MORTON.

Oh, daughter of a princely sire, by South-ern hearts adored,

Upon thine infant ear there fell the ring-

But lof the scene is changed to-day, and
Time, with loving hand,
Is veiling, as with golden mist, the
memories of war;
And Peace within our borders dwells and

HOWARD MORTON.

Look on this monument, "all ye that pass by,"
Let it speak to the heart as it speaks to the eye.
For it tells the great message that love cannot die;